ADVICE TO A PAINTER: BEING A SATYR UPON THE

French King, Admiral Tourvill, Irish Camp at *Havre de Grace*, Murmuring, *Jacobites*, &c.

——*O Miseri, quæ tanta Insania, Cives?*
Creditis avectos Hostes? Aut ulla putatis
Dona carere Dolis Danaum; sic notus Ulysses!

LONDON,
Printed for *Randal Taylor* near *Stationers-Hall*, 1692.

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TO A
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Grace,
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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

ADvice to a Painter *has been so popular a Title, and so often the fair Frontispeice to very extraordinary Poems on many great and memorable Occasions, that our Author thought fit to take pattern from so many celebrated Originals, in this following Satyr: and how silent soever his own modesty might be, This I will presume to say for him, that he has put his best hand to the work, and labour'd for your Diversion. And I must add this farther Advantage that*

possibly

possibly the Subject is one of the greatest of late Ages, viz. The Defeat of the French Fleet: *But notwithstanding the Height of the Theme, I hope your perusal will find that the Structure has not disgraced the Foundation.*

Considering how far the Fate of England *depended on the success of this Navall Decision, and how melancholly an Aspect the whole Chain of the* English *Providences in that signal Victory has rais'd on the whole* French *and* Frenchified *Party; perhaps the Resentments of the Enraged* Lewis, *the beaten* Tourvill, *the mortified* Teagues *at* Havre De Grace, *and all the* Drooping *and desponding* Jacobites *at home, (all which are our present Arguments) are no unfit Thesis for a Satyr; and as we dare promise you that the Management is not altogether inferiour to the Subject, we hope we have endeavour'd your Pleasure and our Profit.*

Advice

ADVICE TO A PAINTER, &c.

IF Monumental Piles to Ages ſtand,
Raiſed by the *Painter*, and the *Poets* Hand;
Kind *Pencil* lend me thy aſſiſting Part,
For that great *Theme*, deſerves thy Nobleſt Art.

Draw then, in all thy boldeſt Rhetorick,
At leaſt, if Forms can Talk, and Shadows ſpeak;
Draw in their Flags of Blood, Wars Crimſon Robe,
Two Rival Champions for the watry Globe.

A ſwelling Main beneath the Thunderers riſe,
The Ocean for the Stage, and Trident for the Prize:
The Sovereignty o' th' Seas, great great the Stake;
Th' Ambition long; but ſhort the Tryal make.
So ſhort, ſo ſwift, the vaſt Deciſion done;
In one great Day, the finiſh'd Period run.

Here paint that Happy, that Triumphant Shore,
That, with ſuch Champions bleſt, can fear no more.
No Foreign Inſult; no Invading Power;
Thoſe threatning Storms can now no longer lour.
The Feeble Cloud, and vaniſht Vapour flies;
For their kind Thunder has ſerened our Skies.

Imperial *Albion*, now ſecurely ſleep,
Fenced in thy watry Walls, and Guardian *Deep*:
Raign the proud Sovereign of thy Rightful *Sea*.
Thy Sons have taught thy *Neptune* to obey.

O Glory never in thy Active Race,
Were bolder Hunters, or a fairer Chace.

Me-

Methinks I ſaw 'em waiting for the Alarm;
No Bridal Longings ever glow'd more warm:
Courage ſo all Impatience, all Deſire,
As if their Souls and Cannon breath'd one Fire:
So wiſht they, and ſo fought. A Victory
Puſh'd on ſo bravely bold, and crown'd ſo high;
Whoſe ſpreading Fame ſhall ſo unbounded run,
Wide as the floating Plain, in which 'twas won:
Far as the utmoſt travelling Wave ere roll'd;
The Globes remoteſt Shore ſhall hear it told.

In that Great Day, how fragrant, how perfum'd,
All lovely Fair, the *Britiſh* Roſes bloom'd!
But Oh, in that great Day, how faint, how dead,
The *Fleur-de-Liſſes*, hung their drooping Head?
Pale as the Fears, their flying *Tourville* wore,
And ſhaking like their frighted *Gallick* Shore.

Yes, proud *Britania*, thy Renown Proclaim;
Hug thy Great Sons of War, and Heirs of Fame.

Inſpired by that bold Genius of their Cauſe,
To thy Immortal *William*'s juſt Applauſe;
Boaſt that one ſingle Day, can now do more,
Than thy long 30 ſleeping Years before.

Illuſtrious *Ruſſel*, in thy charming praiſe,
To thy Renown, what Altars muſt we raiſe?
What muſt we owe thee in this Glorious Day?——
What *England* owes thee, *England*'s Lord ſhall pay.

But Oh, the fair Remains of that Great Name;
The ſleeping *Carter*'s ever waking Fame!
Here, *Painter*, ere thy too bold Pencil fix,
Remember that thy ſofteſt Colours mix:
The lovelieſt *Britiſh* Roſe, that Sword ere cropt,
All fragrant Sweet, tho th' o're-blown Leaves are dropt:
Here let thy Pencil make a Mournful Draught;
Thou draw'ſt a Lawrel on a Cypreſs Graft.

Now, *Painter*, could we his true Worth behold,
Drawn in his lovelieſt Characters of Gold;

Paint

Paint him, adorn'd with Courage, ſo Sublime,
Like Superſtition, heightned to a Crime.
Think how, when the too Fatal Bolt had lopt
His Limbleſs Trunk, and the brave *Carter* dropt;
His untoucht Heart ſtill ſound, his Soul too great,
Scorning the common (and too poor) Retreat,
Of ſculking to the Hould, his Wounds to hide;
The bloody Deck ſaw his too Manly Pride:
Where both his Wounds and Foes, at once defy'd,
Still his Commanding Seat the Hero fill'd;
His brandiſht Sword even his laſt Graſp yet held:
Majeſtick Bravery, too hardy bold,
Around him ſtill his fiery Deaths he doal'd;
Whilſt his laſt gaſp th' unfiniſht Vengeance breath'd,
And all his Iron Legacies bequeath'd.

So have I ſeen, when at a Country *Stake*,
The Angry Bull dos his horn'd Creſcent ſhake;
Some true got *Engliſh* Breed, too forward preſt,
The briskeſt, keeneſt Gameſter of the Liſt,

All

All goar'd and mangl'd, yet unconquer'd; though
All over Wounds, up to his foaming Foe,
With his torn Limbs, and dragging Entrails flies,
Hangs at the bellowing Roarers Throat, and Dies.

In the ſame Liſt, enroll'd with the great Dead;
Sleep, Noble *Haſtings*, in fair Honours Bed;
Honour, that ſhall ſo keep thy Name alive,
As even thy crumbling Marble to ſurvive.

But Oh, thou too hard-fated Glory! Why
So rough thy Paths to Immortality?
Thy Sons, for Deathleſs Names, ſo hard muſt pay,
To live to Morrow, they muſt die to Day.
Now *Painter*, when this pleaſing Scene thou'ſt drawn,
The ſmiling *Britain* in her Joys fair dawn:
Mix thy next Oyl with Gall, and try thy chance,
In a more Gloomy Draught, the ſullen *France*:
And if thou dareſt ingage thy Arts whole ſtrength,
To the Great Life, draw *Lewis* at full length.

Here

Here thy beſt Skill, Great Artiſt, wouldſt thou ſhew,
Paint like the once bold *Michael Angelo*,
Who on Sham Croſs his brawny Hireling ſtretcht;
When his laſt Maſter-ſtroke of Art he reacht;
One Hand the Pencil held, and Poynyard too;
And made a Murder, when a God he drew:
To *Romes* St. *Peters*, the proud Relick given,
The price of Hell, made Conſecrate to Heaven.

Thus let great *Lewis* to thy Pencil ſit;
To make thee all his livelieſt Features hit,
Let Perjury, Murder, Maſſacre, all ſtand,
T' inſpire thy Fancy, and inform thy Hand.
The Gorge of hungry Death, and yawning Graves,
Horrour, and Ruine, his Obedient Slaves.
Not one of all his Attributes forget.
Laſtly, to make the piece yet more compleat,
Rage, Fury, and Deſpair, the finiſhing ſtroke,
So *Paint* his Eyes, as if his Tongue thus ſpoke.

My

My Royal Navy loſt! Loſt, did I ſay?
The Toyl of Ages ruin'd in a Day!
A greater Labour (yes, by all my Fears,)
Then my ſlow Mothers thrice ſeven teeming Years:
When the deſpairing Impotence of a Crown,
Crucht up by Scarlet Cap, and Purple Gown;
And Pregnant Dam, her high-vein'd Birth t'inſpire,
With *Alexander*'s Soul, from *Ammon* Sire;
A fated Brow for Empire to Adorn,
For the Worlds Graſp, was the Great *Lewis* Born.

And yet thus fated, and thus born; are theſe
My Hopes of fetter'd Lands, and ſhackled Seas!
This Earneſt for my mounting Glories given;
The Worlds Great Lord, no kinder Friends in Heaven:
Not all my Cloyſtered Maudlin *La Valeers*
Kind Pray'rs, nor my fair *Maintenons* ſoft Tears;
Cou'd all theſe move, nor Winds, nor Seas, nor Sky,
No Eloquence to ſoften Deſtiny!

If

If Deaf to theſe, your aiding Powers deny'd,
Not one kind Star to Battle on my Side; ——
But why do I deſcend to loſe a Prayer?
By all th' Ingratitude of Heaven, I ſwear;
Your ſmiles to *Lewis* but your Duty pay:
I claim by Merit; and demand, not pray,
Have I, to Mother Church a Son ſo true,
In my *Ignatian* Zeale, reſolv'd t' out-do
The Great Nine *Charles* his bloody *Barthol'mew*?
Two Hundred Thouſand ſtarving Exiles Groans;
With all my Charnel Piles of Heretick Bones;
Stakes, Dungeons, Gibbets, Graves; no Death unary'd,
All theſe my Fames eternal Pyramid:
To Immortality ſuch ſteps ſo trod;
No wonder, deified the *Jacobites* God.

But for my hard hard Fate, my diſmal Loſs;
Why do I thus upbraid the unkind *Croſs*?
Upon the more Ungrateful *Creſcent* all
My louder Murmurs, heavier Curſe, ſhould fall.

What, though the Christian Powers were all so poor;
Have I from *Mahomet* deserv'd no more?
For all my Vowes, t' his *Mufti* and *Divan*,
My plighted Faith t'his Idol'd *Alcoran*;
Had the great Prophet in his Heaven of Love,
Amongst his large-ey'd *Montespaigns* above,
Not one kind Star, to lend a Friendly Glance
To his most Christian *Mussulman* of *France*.
By all th' immortal Honours I have got,
By Facing Dangers beyond Canon Shot:
The Trophies which my undrawn Sword has swept,
In Fields, where Danger awful distance kept:
And all the Brazen Leaves I've fill'd in Story,
With my Recorded Scarless Marks of Glory:
And if there be a sound more loud, by all
My blazing Glories, *Spire*, *Wormes*, *Frankendall*:
Those Desolation Piles, so vastly great,
That Horrours self even trembles to repeat.
By these, and *Lewis*'s Name, that all Divine;
Preserv'd and sweetned in Eternal Brine:

Brine

Brine from whole Millions of ſad Widows Eyes,
And Thouſand Thouſand tuneful Orphans cries.
Have I for this (ſucceſs no greater) drein'd
So many empty'd Veins, in Blood ſo raign'd:
For this, th' effeminate *Britannia* lull'd,
With Thirty long Lethargick Summers dull'd:
Looſe all her Nerves, and lazie her Deſires,
Her Martial quencht, to light her Wanton Fires.
Her old Fifth *Henry*, and Third *Edward*'s Duſt,
All her forgotten *Heroes* Memories huſht;
In Luſt, and Eaſe, and Luxury worn down,
Taught by the Great Example of a Crown.
Oh, our vaſt Influence, when we could Sing,
Her penſion'd *Senate*, and her Hireling King.
Her Royal *Judah*'s Lyon, tamed ſo far,
Transform'd to our aſſiſting *Iſſachar*.
Two Princely Brothers of moſt ſoft Renown,
The One that wore, and th' Other ſway'd the Crown;
True ſupple *Spaniſh* Breed, ſo abject poor,
To lick that Foot once ſpurn'd 'em out of Door.

Oh, that long Reign, when by *French Syren* lured,
Britains Crown'd-Head by *Gallick* Charms secured,
We bought Alliance, Forces, Timber, Stores,
Whilst in a poor Exchange we barter'd W——s.
Thus truckt for Universal Empire, thus,
Like *Whittington*, bought Greatness for a Puss:
Sent forth our Armies, plum'd our *Flour-de-lysses*,
Whilst fantring R—— fed his Ducks and Misses.

Had those dear blessed Days continued on,
Oh to what height had our Ambition flown.
How had we given th' whole shackled *Europe* Law;
But all, all dash'd by that loath'd Name, *NASSAU*:
Nassau, our Curses everlasting Theme,
That haunting Forme that waked our Golden Dream;
That worse than flaming Sword to all our Bliss,
The fatal Bar t'our towring Paradise.

Damnation seize those Hireling Miscreant Tools!
Hen-hearted Cut-Throats, dull relenting Fools!

Curse

Curſe on their undiſpatching Hands! So croſt!
So Heav'nly a Deſign, ſo baulk'd, ſo loſt!
Eight Hundred Thouſand Livres wiſely pay'd,
Yet by Vile Conſcience, the great Blow betray'd.
Had that blow ſtruck, How had we ſent him Poſt,
Sent to ſhake Hands with ſleeping *Lorrain*'s Ghoſt?
A Blow enough t' have rung ſo loud in Story, (Glory.
Great *Lewis* higheſt, vaſteſt, boundleſs Maſter-piece of
S'death! Do his Guardian Gods ſo take his part,
Not all our plotting Hells can reach his Heart!
William our Vengeance leſs than *Lorrain* feel!
Or kill our Poyſons ſurer than our Steel.

Next, honeſt *Painter*, for ſome ſmall Adorner
To thy great Landskip, in ſome odd by-Corner,
Draw thoſe big Sons of Hope, the dear ſweet Face
Of the great *Jac'bite* Camp, at *Hav're de Grace*.
Delineate firſt, a hungry ſtarvling Pow'r,
Lean Kine, more keen fat *England* to devour,
All waiting for the great Embarquing Hour;

That

That *Mungrit French*, and *Bogland* Army draw,
The Spirit of *Brown-George*, and *Usquebaugh*;
Resolv'd to give the conquer'd *Britain* Law.
J—s, with his dear Twin-Saints, *Monsieur* and *Teague*,
Join'd in a more than Holy Tripple League.
The poor thin Gleanings (such his Harvest yields)
Of running *Boyne*, and scatter'd *Agrim* Fields:
Monsieur and *Teague*, a Union most Divine,
Hands in this mighty Work too fit to joine.
Souls, which one animating warmth inspires,
True Sparks of *J—s*'s own bold Promethean Fires.
Poor Credulous *J—s*, both on, and off a Throne;
Still, in all States, by Flatterers undone.
By *Romish* Sycophants dismounted first,
And even, beyond thy fall, by the same Vermin Curst.
Flatter'd (for who so blind, as they that wink?)
So lewdly, grosly flatter'd, as to think,
So wondrous fair, thy Restoration lay;
So easie thy Access, so pav'd thy Way;

The

The *British* Necks (hasht all their yielding Swords)
Prepared for *Irish* Masters, and *French* Lords.
Oh *Rome*, to what wild Lunatick Extreams,
Thy *Ignes fatui*, thy deluding Beames,
Can guide thy Zealots Visionary Dreames!
Dreams. of that Prodigy, as ev'n t' excel
Their *Transubstantiation* Miracle.

So over Credulous *J——s*, as if design'd
To stand a lasting Riddle to Mankind,
Whether thy Faith in Man, or Heav'n, shall be,
Oth' two the more Recorded Bigottry.

Here, *Painter*, draw their Leader in their Head,
Their *Royal Hero*, —— *Hero*, was t I said?
Yes, thy Prerogative I le nere dispute;
Pencils may *Heroes* write, where *Pens* stand mute.
Draw him a *Hero* then in Natures spight,
His Mrs. War, and Danger his Delight.
If possible, put Vigour in his Arm;
What though thou flatterst, make the piece look warm.

Paint

Paint all the Fire, but let no Chill be ſhown;
The modeſt *Lewis*'s Frailty, and his own.
Thus Capapee, impatient let him ſtand,
Big with the Bleſſings of the *promis'd Land.*
That Milk and Honey-Tide, by Front ſo bold
Of his Oraculous *Jacobites* foretold.

Here, *Painter*, ſhift the Scene; and from the height
Of towring Hopes, ev'n beyond *Eagle* flight,
Paint the defeated labouring Sons of Earth,
In the hard Pangs of their new *Mountain Birth.*
Here in a Panick Fright, a chilling Damp,
And *Wolfe-land* Howl, run thro' the riſing Camp;
Whilſt a Contagious Grin their Faces wear,
The only Native *Iriſh* Poyſon, *Fear.*
Nay, the ſad J——s himſelf here blaſted ſtands,
With Eyes erected, and uplifted Hands.
Here, *Painter*, let him from the frighted Shore,
In the great *Lewis* Burning *Sun* deplore,
His own dear *Phaetons* now can drive no more:

Whilſt

Whilſt in the Tranſports of new Deſperation,
By that all blazing Fires Illumination,
He Reads his more than ſecond Abdication.
Here, *Painter*, draw him with a triſtfull Look,
As if (at once by Man and Heaven forſook,)
Reſolv'd to bid the frowning World adieu,
No longer three cold-ſcented Crowns purſue:
Nor tire out Providence, on its deaf Side;
But 'twixt his Prayers and Hounds his life Divide:
His darling Hounds, an eaſier Chace to run,
Some little harmleſs flying Animal down; (fly
Than with his full-mouth'd Hunting Blood-hounds
At three bold Stubborn Kingdoms Liberty.

Now, *Painter*, thy exalted Fancy raiſe,
To one rich Thought, in the Great *Tourvil*'s Praiſe:
Paint him a true *French Heroe*, both ways Great,
Furious in Fight, and furious his Retreat;
With his firſt On-ſet his whole Courage Fir'd,
Rapid he came, more rapid he Retir'd;

Whilst his eclipsing *Sun*, his shame to Shrow'd,
Sculks to the *Shore*, for a poor borrow'd Cloud.

Here, *Painter*, when thy finishing Touch has made
This melancholly Peice of Night and Shade;
No Blacks too deep, the Figure to express,
A running Admirals too proper Dress:
When the last Sanguine Line thy Pencil drew,
Could'st thou but Paint his Gloomy Inside too;
Oh, the dark sullen Peice, how 'twould talk Great,
Would breath out Curses loud as his Defeat!
More hot his Rage, than his own *Burning* Fires,
Whilst thus his little Friends in Heaven he hires:

Oh, the curst Stars that influenc'd this Day,
Ye false, false Lights, that lure Mankind Betray;
Eternal Pitch your bloated Orbs confound,
In your whole Painted Roof, and spangled Round,
Not one Spark left, one borrow'd twinkle Shine,
Your Sun that lights you, now as dark as mine.

But why, believing Fool, ſo cozen'd? Theſe
My Engliſh Friends, the *Fairy* Promiſes;
Snared and Deluded to this Fatal loſs,
Was ever Sham ſo great, or Cheat ſo groſs?
Fortune, and all her Flatteries, Jilts and Whores!
My hopes all loſt, nay worſe, my *Lewidores*!
Thoſe leading Trumps to our ſafe Martial Dance,
Th' infallible Artillery of *France*:
Whoſe ſure unerring Blow nere miſs'd till now;
The Moulten Calves that have made *Europe* Bow
But faild at laſt in our Old Battry, GOLD! (Sold;
What Towns, Forts, Caſtles, nay whole Kingdoms
Thoſe *Danaes* of the World, have felt the Powers
Of our deſcending *Jove*'s Triumphant Showers?
If truckling Worlds the Golden *Lewis* Meet,
Is th' only *Piſtole-Proof* an *Engliſh Fleet*?

But why do I deſcend to curſe that Cauſe,
That rather Merits all my beſt Applauſe?
The Engliſh firm unſtaggering Truth, too brave,
To ſell their Faiths, or Country to enſlave:

To raiſe my juſter Curſe a ſtrain more high,
'Gainſt the true Cauſe made beaten *Tourvil* fly,
Curſe not their Honour, but our Infamy!
Be that low-Spirited Ambition Damn'd,
Down his own Throat his melting bribes be ramm'd,
Who at ſo poor a Game can meanly Fly,
To Trade for Laurels, Truck for Victory.
Weak Pillar to an everlaſting Name,
That makes the Baſis of its Glory, Shame:
Shame, of that hideous Stamp, a Brand ſo hard,
When Crown'd-Heads ſtoop, vile Treaſon to reward.
But whilſt in theſe reſenting Thoughts employ'd,
To *France*'s all expiring Naval Pride
Theſe Funeral Rites do thy ſad Griefs performe,
Look forwards, *Torville*, t' a more hideous Storm.
Prophetick Fears! methinks my trembling Soul,
Hears that engendring *Britiſh Thunder* rowle;
The haughty *France* reduc'd t' a Fright ſo poor,
To dread Invaſions, it cou'd threat before:

That

That ſingle Thought does all our Peace confound:
There, there the ſickning Pain, and killing Wound.

But let me breathe that frightfull Theme no more,
That Voice of Terrour to the *Gallick* Shore;
That at the very ſound the whole Divan
Of wooden ſhoes, the muſterd Arrierban,
Do with that trickling Dew their Cheeks bewray,
Their very Blood all Curdles into Whey.

Now, *Painter*, waſte thy working Fancy o're,
And take a Landſchape of the Engliſh Shore;
Here humbly ſtoop to paint the lively Graces,
Of th' ill look'd Tribe, the Jacobite ſour Faces:
A Tribe ſo rancord with their Gall and Spleens,
And ſo deform'd with their diſtorted Grinns;
That they appear a perfect *Æſop* Crew;
Nay, and their Souls the greater Riddles too.
Who toild their tireſome Liberty to draw,
In the dull Raigns of Softneſs, Peace, and Law;
Palates ſo ſtrange, that with crude Eaſe oppreſt,
Like Eſtridges, want Iron to digeſt:

A Race

A Race with that prodigious Night-mare hag'd,
Loaded with Freedom, and with Bleſſings plagu'd;
And for an exerciſing hand, to try
Their boaſted high-flown Paſſive Faculty;
To *Lewis* all their whole tun'd pulſes Dance,
Their very Veins all ſtumm'd with Lees of *France*:
Religion, Liberty, Truth, Honour; Nothing
That's Engliſh Glory, but 's their perfect Loathing;
All great and good their Hate: and if remains
Ought in the World they truly Love, 'tis *Chains*.

To ſet 'em forth in their full Pomp enſtall'd,
Till this Sea-Battle, they were *Legion* call'd;
But ſince that fatal Day, I muſt confeſs,
Their ſhrinking number dwindled ſomewhat leſs;
From *Cape La Hogue*, the Thunder roard ſo high,
As put 'em in that Aguiſh Agony;
That by a worſe, then fit of a chill Tertian,
Some of 'em have been cool'd into Converſion.
Their Characters, as various as you pleaſe,
Of none, or all Religions, all degrees;

From

From ſtruting Quality to fawning Pimps;
From Grandees down to Slaves; from Fiends to Imps.
In ſhort their Maſſey Virtues to Define,
They 're *Heroes* all ſo ſtout for *Jus* Divine;
They d' venture hanging all in a right Line.

So, *Painter*, on this copious pregnant Text,
Be thoſe the Beauties that thou copieſt Next;
Theſe Lineaments thy Pencils Guide: nor doubt
To the full Life to draw their Portraits out.
For this Sea-fight has Phyſickt 'em ſo near,
That every Feature of their Face is clear.
To draw this fallen Scene, perform thy part:
Draw to the Life (if in the power of Art)
As from their trembling Lips, theſe Murmurs broke,
And thus the very grumbling Shaddows ſpoke.

" With what impatient Longings did we burn,
" For the *French-Fleets* approach, and *Jame's* Return:
" A Fleet, that more then *Jaſon's* Treaſure brought,
" A ſecond conſtellated *Argonaut*!

" So

" So true, ſo fixt, his bleſt Return foretold,
" Not *Delpho*'s Oracle ere ſpoke more bold.
" What leſs than that new *Revolution Day*!
" Not Deſtiny more firm, ſo paved his way;
" From high to low, all, all with Joy made Drunk,
" From trolling Coach and ſix, to ſtrolling Punk.
" The tatterdſt Mendicant did th' Omen Bleſs,
" And every Maudlin turned a Prophetess:
" Not poor *Alſatian*, but, from *Temple*-ſhore,
" 'Would ſnuff up for the Wind to waft him ore.
" Nay, not ſo much as a Non-juring Vicar,
" But ore a chirping Bowl of humming Liquor;
" He ſaw *James*'s, and a Biſhoprick ſo fair,
" He thought there did not need a ſecond Prayer.
" So all agape we ſtood, ſo all unbar'd
" The proſpect of our Bliſs, ſo all prepared
" For his Congratulation to his Crown,
" Th' *Hoſannahs* were all tuned, and *Palms* cut down.
" So plain we ſaw the Wonders ſhould reſtore him,
" The fiery *Pillars* that ſhould march before him;

" We

" We forefaw the *Heav'n-drapt* ſweets, ſhould dwell
" I' th' Tents of our *Returning Iſrael*:
" That we prepared the very Baskets, all
" For gathering up the *Manna* that ſhould fall.

" But in the higheſt ſweeteſt Titillations,
" Of all our deareſt Darling Expectations;
" To have our *Signs* and *Wonders* all deceive us;
" The *Winds* and *Sea* and the whole *Elements* leave us!
" Oh, 'twas that fatal Blow, that ſevere Bang,
" That on the Willows all our *Harps* muſt hang. (how
" Our Harps! nay, (mercy Heaven!) we ſcarce know
" Even to forbear to hang our ſelves there too,
" Than farewell *Jacobite*; Our Exit calls,
" 'Tis our *laſt Act*, and here our Curtains falls.

" But hold! one parting Epilogue----Adieu
" Our laſt loſt Hopes, and all the Heretick Crew.
" For ever of our *Dagon James* bereft,
" And not even one poor Stump to help us left!

" Well, *Williamites*, you have your Triumph made;
" And all our Glorie's ſhrunk into a Shade.
" Then for one laſt Farewell, Oh, could we call
" A Mugletonian Tongue, and Curſe ye all.

Now, *Painter*, if thou liveſt to ſee that Day,
When *J*-----*s* his laſt Remains to Fate muſt pay;
If on his Monument thou canſt find Room;
That is, if ſleeping, *J*----*s* can find a Tomb:
A Favour with his Brother *Charles* here found,
Poor *Charles* ſo Slovenly dropt under ground.
Without a Funeral Rite, unhonour'd Shade,
By Mid-night Hands, thy huddled Reliques laid.
Were all thy Smiles to *J*---*s* ſo poorly paid?
Well, thy contented Bones with patience ſtay,
Beneath thy homely Turf thy Aſhes lay;
So ſleep, forgoten *Charles*, till the great wakening Day.

But if the happier *J*----*s* more honour'd Duſt,
Shall meet with Friends more kind, and Heirs more juſt;

If ſome kind Marble Pile ſhall riſe, t' enfold,
What once three Law-bound Kingdoms could not hold;
On the fair Stone this ſhort Inſcription lay,
('Tis all his whole Memorials have to ſay;)

Twice exild James *(Experience dearly Bought)*
By thy Misfortune firſt, and laſt thy Fault.

FINIS.